

# FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

MILITARY GAZETTE

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turk, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

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OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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## The Old Friar.

BY SPENCER WALLACE COLE.

Who is there but is sad at times,  
And full of thoughtful fears?  
No sad, the solemn vesper chimes  
On fill their eyes with tears?  
Who hath not sighed at those deep peals  
On the shadowed eve retire,  
And twilight through the window steals  
Like an old gray-headed friar?

A Friar old, a Friar gray,  
A solemn man in white,  
And just ere night, upon his way  
He wendeth noiselessly.  
He cometh to the sad at heart,  
The merry mind also,  
And well he knows to play his part  
With pleasure, and with woe.

There are many wrinkles on his brow,  
And his hair is nearly white,  
And his step is slow and fearful now  
For the failing of his sight  
His form is dim, and undefined,  
Yet though I little see  
I know, by that within my mind,  
He comes, and sits by me.

He asks no word of courtesy,  
Though a man of gentle birth,  
But without a sound, so quietly  
He seats him by the hearth;  
And there he sits, and seems to pray,  
Beside the flickering fire;  
And we think of things long passed away,  
I, and that gray old Friar!

I wot not what his thoughts may be,  
So busy are mine own;  
That in a while I scarcely see,  
That now I am alone.  
My head upon my knee,  
My hand upon my eye,  
And mine eyes fixed ever unseeing  
On the dancing fire light.

Then comes to me a sister dear,  
Who sleeps in my native south,  
And she draweth to me very near,  
And presses her ruby mouth,  
With a gentle kiss, upon my cheek,—  
"Alice, my sister, Art thou there?"  
Come to my arms, my own—I speak  
To cold, and formless air.

And then comes to me no another;  
And he my own beloved brother  
Lays his soft hand in mine.  
But when to that dear touch I start  
And when I'd clasp him to my heart  
I am again alone.

And then that Friar old and gray,  
As he my thoughts could see,  
When those have vanished all away  
Speaks comfort unto me;  
And bids me think how happier far,  
Holy, and pure, and fair,  
My sister and my brother are  
Than here on earth they were.

He preaches to that dull despair  
But towards should appeal;  
That flowers in spring time bloom as fair,  
Though leaves in Autumn fall;  
That sorrow is a blessed ill,  
And life half shade, half light;  
Then the gray old Friar's voice is still  
And he goes forth through the night.

WAGGERS.—Some time ago, on the Sabbath day we wended our way to one of our churches, and, instead of a sermon, heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two brethren were sent round with the baskets for contributions. Parson L., who was one of the basket-bearers, taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front and upon the next seat, negligently reclined our friend Bill H., a gentleman of infinite humor and full of dry jokes. Parson L. extended the basket, and Bill slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give us something," said the parson.

"Can't do it," replied Bill.

"Why not? Is not the cause a good one?"

"Yes, but I am not able to give anything."

"Poh! poh! I know better; you must give a better excuse than that."

"Well, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know."

"But, William, you owe the Lord a much larger debt, than you owe any one else."

"That's true, parson; but then he ain't a pushing me like the balance of my creditors."

The parson gave up, and then a curious condition as he passed on.

VIVA VOCE.—A green member of the Harrisburg Legislature, when the election of assistant clerk came up, called out, Mr. Speaker, I move we vote 'rice versa.' The whole house burst into a roar, and not knowing what it meant, green asked his right hand man if it was not in order, adding that he didn't know anything about these parliamentary rules.

"Will my darling Edwin grant his Angelina a boon?" "Is there anything on earth her Edwin would not do for his sweet pet? Name the boon, oh, dearest—name it!" "Then love as we dine by ourselves to-morrow, let us, oh! let us have roast pork, with plenty of sage and onions!"

"A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it, else the hand would itself which sought to drive it home upon another. The worst lies, therefore, are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true."

## A Heroine of '76.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

I don't like to hear the noise of those hammers. The dull sound of laboring picks breaks upon the ear with monotonous regularity. They are making tracks for a railroad in this old town. I am not pleased with the "improvement," as some call it, for a pleasant farm-house and its surrounding fields that sloped from high and undulating hills have vanished forever before its nod.

The great genius of enterprise, with his ugly shears of commerce, is clipping at the poor wings of poetry and romance, till, I fear, by-and-by, they will have power only to flap along the ground, their ethereal faculties chained down to stock-taking and invoices.

I am sorry the house has gone, for there were some recollections connected with its history, for the sake of which it would be pleasant could it have been spared. An old, red farm-house, surrounded by fields of waving grain and corn, in the autumn time, and overhung by the branches of various fruit trees, golden with the blushes of time, is a sight of picturesque beauty in a rich valley; especially if a fine old mountain looms up in the background, or a deep of forest trees stretched away into the clear, mellow atmosphere beyond.

In that one before us, I am speaking now as if it stood in the old spot, the widow of a noble Capt. Pierpont lived some twenty years ago. The lady was a fine specimen of old-time woman; dignified, even commanding in manner, with a fresh bloom upon her cheek, a finely moulded forehead, and a deep, earnest expression in her yet bright eyes.

She was a woman of refined and cultivated intellectual powers; a woman who in youth had known no stint of wealth; whose mind was stored with classic lore; who had never, till she emigrated to the wilderness of the New World, soiled her white fingers with even household work.

Father and husband were both dead. The bones of the former reposed in another country beneath a marble monument; the latter had now slept two years in the little burying-ground beside the wooden church in sight of the red farm-house, and a small gray stone marked the spot where his ashes mingled with the dust.

One day, during the hardest campaign of our sturdy soldiers, Madam Pierpont was alone on the farm. A negro servant, had gone on some errand, which would detain him till night-fall, and Aleck, the hired man, had wounded his hand in the morning with an axe, so that he was quite disabled, and obliged to return to his home about a mile distant, which by the way was the nearest homestead to the old, red farm-house.

The widow's four brave sons, of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-six, had started but two days previous for the field of their country's battle.

While the widow realized that in all probability some, perhaps all, of her treasures would be smitten by the ruthless hand of war, her cheek was still unblanching, and a holy hope sat in the repose of her beautiful features. Only now and then she turned to the open Bible before her, and read a few consoling passages, and straightway resumed her work with a trusting smile. Ah! patriotism found an enduring home in many such a gentle breast!

Suddenly, from the distance came a sound like the trampling of horse's feet, and a great cloud of dust betokened the approach of travelers hurrying to their destination. The widow moved to the door, and shading her eyes from the intense sunshine, watched their progress. They drew nearer, and in another moment, three horsemen wheeled up before the door and alighted.

They wore military costumes, and were all fine-looking men. The foremost gentleman far exceeded the others by his imposing figure and the greatness of his countenance. It needed no introduction to assure the widow that this was George Washington. With that courtesy which always characterized him, he bowed gracefully to Madam Pierpont, as he blandly asked if he could find rest and refreshment.

"Our horses are weary—we have ridden since nine this morning and would find recruit," he added.

"Certainly, gentlemen, and welcome," she replied, smiling, throwing wide open the inner door as they dismounted.

"Our poor beasts," said one of the officers, patting his speaking horse, "I would they could be attended to immediately. Is there a groom or a servant about your house, madam, who could rub them down and feed them? I will reward him liberally."

"We would ask no reward in this household, sir," replied the widow; "if you will lead the horses round, they shall be cared for."

The animals were conducted to the stable, and there left, although the officer looked in vain for indications that there were men stirring in the place.

"Make yourself perfectly comfortable, gentlemen," said the widow, "and excuse me while I prepare you refreshment. You must be hungry as well as fatigued."

In another moment, the widow was in the stable unsaddling the poor horses—work to which she was not accustomed, but which she nevertheless could do in time of need, being a woman of strong, muscular frame and great energy. She knew it must be done by herself.

or not at all. As for men and horses, they were completely jaded out. She with clean straw rubbed the animals down with her own hands, led them into their stalls, and prepared and gave them food. After changing her dress, she returned again to the parlor, where the officers having unbuckled their swords and donned their caps, sat conversing together, evidently enjoying a delightful rest.

As the widow stepped over the threshold of the room, one of the officers was just remarking to his companions.

"He was one of my best men, and as fine-looking a young fellow as ever volunteered."

"Do you speak of young Pierpont?" asked another.

"Yes, he fell yesterday, pierced by three balls—poor fellow—it was a hard fate for such a boy."

For one moment the cheek of the woman was blanched—the heart of the mother shocked; but she spoke almost calmly as she asked, "Which one was it, sir?"

"Henry Pierpont, if I am not mistaken. Was he known to you?"

Was he known to her? Oh! the torture that followed that question! Henry! her noble, first-born; he who had taken the place of the dead at her board, and with a gravity beyond his years carried out the plans his father left unfinished!

And now his blue eyes were closed forever—his bright locks soiled in the dust. Oh! the thought was anguish! A deadly faintness came over her, but she rallied with a great effort, and said as calmly as before, as she turned her white neck check away.

"He was my son, sir."

They did not see her face as she walked quickly but firmly from the room.

"Now God forgive me! I feel as if I had done a cowardly thing," murmured the officer, while his lips grew pale with emotion. "Coming here to partake of this woman's hospitality, I have cruelly stabbed her to the heart."

"You are not at all to blame, my friend," said Washington, in his deep tones, in which was blended a sudden passion. "Neither, if I read her aright, would she recall the child bravely fallen in his country's cause. That is no common woman. Her very face speaks of her soul's nobility. Mark me—when you see her again she will be fearless; no word of sorrow will issue from her lips. Our mothers—our wives, I am proud to say it—are heroines in this trying period. And this," he continued, pointing to the Bible, "is the secret of their greatness."

Wherever you behold that book open, bearing evidence of constant perusal, there you will find woman equal to any emergency. I repeat it, when we meet her again, she will be calm and fearless, although a mother bereaved of her child."

And so it was. Madam Pierpont had schooled her grief for the time into a sudden and sacred submission; and when the officers were called into another room, to partake of the smoking viands she had prepared, they found her collected, unchanged in manner, and serene in countenance. The officer, from whom the news had so rudely burst, was lost in admiration of her conduct, and was often heard to say, subsequently, that he venerated woman, the more, for her sake.

Toward night the trio departed, thanking the kind woman with grateful hearts for her courtesy. They found their horses ready saddled, and were forced to the conjecture that Madam Pierpont had herself performed the duty of hostler.

Gen. Washington kindly took her hand before he mounted his charger, and addressed her tenderly and affectionately. Tears came to the eyes of his officers as they listened; but though an increasing pallor spread over the widow's face, she murmured.

"I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that He has deemed me worthy of demanding my first-born, in this glorious struggle; he was ready, sir—ready for life or death."

But when they had gone, and she returned to the silence of that lone house, the mother wept exceeding bitter tears. Draw me a curtain before her sacred anguish!

Farwell old Pierpont House with your carpet of mallow and old-fashioned flowers in old-fashioned pots standing upon the steps. I feel sad at the thought that I shall never again see its open door wreathed with vines, whereon hung clusters of luxuriant grapes; nor its windows, or the lower floor, all opened, with their curtains of snowy muslin floating with a dreamy, undulating motion in the pleasant breeze.

## Arkinsaw Wonders.

Arkinsaw beats the world for black bars, putty wimmin, and big timber. Stranger, I've seen trees there that would take a man a week to walk round 'em. A fellow started once to walk through one that was hollow. He didn't take any vittles with him and he starved on his way.

I was goin' up the Mississippi once, in one of them country boats, when we met a big Arkinsaw cypress floating down. I tell you, stranger, it was a whooper. The Capten run in his boat 'longside, and fastened the rope to it. Off she started, snortin' and puffin', but didn't budge a peg. The Capten ripped around and hollered out 'fire up below there, you lubberly rascals. The wheel clattered away, and the blaze rolled out of the chimney, but the log was actually carryin' us down stream.

Directly up comes a feller in a red shirt and says he, 'Capten, you are strainin' the engine miffly.'

"Cut loose and let her go then," says the Capten.

When they cut the ropes, dod burn me, stranger, if the boat didn't jump clear out the water. We run a little ways, but the engine was raly so exhausted, that we had just to stop. Nearly day, there comes along a fine steamer, we hailed her, got aboard, and there was that same log hitched alongside. We wooded off' that cypress all the way to Memphis.

Black bars are bigger, plentier and more cummin' in Arkinsaw, than anywhere else. The he's have a way of standin' on their hind legs and makin' a mark with their paws on the bark of some certain trees, generally sassafras. It's a kind of record they keep, and I s'pose it's a great satisfaction to an old he bar to have the highest mark on the tree. We was layin' hid one day close to a tree where the bar war in the habit of makin' their mark, waitin' for one of 'em to come along, for I tell you, I was nifty hungry for bar meat.

Directly I heard a noise close to me, and lookin' around, dod burn me, stranger, if that wasn't a small bar walkin' straight on his hind legs with a big chunk in his arms. I could o' shot him easy, but I was mighty curious to see what he was goin' to do with that chunk. He carried it right to the tree where the marks were, stood it on the end against it, and then gettin' on the top of it reached away up the tree, and made a big mark of a foot above the highest. He then got down, moved the chunk away off from the tree, and you never seen such caperin' as he cut up.

He looked up at his mark, and then he would lay down and roll over in the leaves, laughing out right, just like a person; no doubt tickled at the way somebody would be fooled. There was something so human about it, that I actually hadn't the heart to shoot him.

Just to show you how cunnin' bars are, I'll tell you a circumstance what happened to me up Arkinsaw. You see, one fall before I gathered my corn, I kept missin' it outer the field, and I knew the bars were takin' it, for I could see their tracks. But what seemed mighty curious, I never could find what they eat it—nary cob nowher about. One mornin' airly I happened around the field, and there I saw an old she bar and two cubs just come outer the patch, walkin' off with their arms full of corn. I was determined to find out what they did with so much corn, and followed along after 'em without makin' any noise. Well, after goin' nearly a mile I saw 'em stop, and—stranger, what do you think—thar war a pen full o' hogs, and the bars war feedin' 'em. You see that fall the hogs were so poor, on account of havin' no mast, that the bars had actually built a rail pen, put hogs in it, and fattenin' 'em with my corn. Dod burn my hat if it ain't a fact."

Mike Donovan's Vision.

A little after two o'clock one morning, a police officer discovered a man lying in a very uneasy position on the declivity of a cellar door, with his head considerably lower than his heels. He was snoring in a very loud tone, which seemed suggestive of apoplexy, and, indeed, the posture he had taken was likely to produce a rush of blood to the brain. The officer, without loss of time, proceeded to stir him up, in order to preserve his valuable life for the benefit of the public; but he proved almost as hard to awaken as those gentlemen spoken of by John Bunyan, who imprudently went to sleep on the Enchanted Ground. After some ineffectual shaking, the officer bethought himself of another plan of operation, and having found the sleeper's nose which was, happily, large enough to afford a good hold, he began twisting it around, screw fashion, until several half articulate oaths proceeding from the mouth underneath proved that the sleeping individual was recovering the use of his rational faculties. At the next turn of the crank he roared out—

"Away wid ye! Stop for one moment! Hold on for heaven's sake! it's all gone! clane vanished away. Misfortunate wretch that I am, whin shall I ever see the likes of that again? What possessed you, you rogue of the world, to come between me and so much bayatide?"

"Attitude, do you call it?" answered the officer; "why, it was the worst one that I ever saw, to sleep in."

"Didn't you perswade that I was seeing a vision of glory?"

"Of course I did; but I was afraid you might see it up side down, as you were pretty nigh standing on your head to look at it. But what did the glory look like? What was its general appearance?"

"Sure, I thought I'd got into a better world and left everything mane and scoundrel-like (including yourself) behind me, right foremost me appeared three angels. They first carried a tray of smoking potatoes, just from the fire; the second had a dish howldin a piece of roast beef, with plenty of gravy; and the third displayed a half-gallon jug, ticketed 'best potent'."

"The one wid the tray calls out: 'The tip of the morning to you, Mike Donovan, won't you come and take a snack wid us?' At the same moment the one that carried the jug held it out and gave me a wink, as much as to say, 'Aha! Mike, that is the right sort of stuff for you!'"

"Gentlemen," says I, "it's not Mike Donovan that will refuse to eat and drink in such good company." Then him that carried the jug says, "Take a pull my boy, to sharpen your appetite." "Anything to please you," says I. "So I laid hold of the jug and raised it to my lips. At that instant methought the avil one reached up from below, and seized me by the pantaloons. I tried to kick him off, but all in vain; the confounded old serpent kept a fast hold of me, and in the midst of the struggle, the bright spirits, wid all their fixtures, the beef, potatoes and potent, melted away in a confused lump, and then disappeared."

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"Sorrow abid," answered Mike; "he staid behind—the devils took to him—and he still has hold of me by the shoulder."

"Oh, very well, my boy," said the officer, tightening his grasp. "You see your guardian angels have deserted you, and I must take you into my charge. I think you will be shown to a 'stone jug, that will suit you better than the one you saw in your vision."

This prediction was verified, as Mike, on suspicion of vagrancy, was "jugged," for thirty days.

A Tale of the Great Saratoga Trunk.

Old Anthracite has a very dear wife—so dear that she cost him on her own private account about fifteen thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Anthracite always has the latest fashions, so that when the great Saratoga trunk was exhibited in Broadway, Mrs. A., instantly purchased one for her summer trip.

Every one knows that the great Saratoga trunk is an unexceptionable trunk. It is colossal—of Titanic proportions—Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, might have formed ample accommodation for his entire household in the great Saratoga trunk.

Accordingly with Mrs. A. to the great watering place went her trunk. She had not been long there, however, when old Anthracite received a private telegraph from a friend to inform him that Mrs. A. was flirting desperately with young Belzebub, the son and heir of old Belzebub, the great soap boiler. Anthracite instantly takes the train, arrives at the hotel, and inquiring the number of his wife's room, quietly walks up stairs; his wife's door is shut, Anthracite knocks. Door opens, which flutters inebriatedly; Mrs. A. appears flustered, which flutters inebriatedly to dismays when she sees her husband. Husband enters coolly; explains that he has just come to see how she was getting on, and seats himself on the great Saratoga trunk. Drops a glove, the picking up of which enables him to look under the bed. No one there. Mrs. A. looked as if some one ought to be there. Husband talks of the weather, and the pair are sitting down to a little light conversation, when old Anthracite remarks quietly:

"Mrs. A. there's a rat in your trunk."

"Mrs. A. turns pale through her paint. No, husband is mistaken. The rat is in the waistcoat. They are always there, those rats. Husband is sure it is in the trunk. He smells him, he will examine—Mrs. A. very anxious he should not. He can't. The trunk is shut and she has lost the key. Husband begs to contradict—The key was in the lock, and what was more—the lid was open."

Husband, amid the protestations of Mrs. A., half raised the lid. No crinoline, no shawls, no lace, no furbelows in the great Saratoga trunk; only young Belzebub's glossy curls and killing moustache are visible. Mrs. A. instantly faints. It's the privilege of her sex on such occasions. What does husband do? Shoot young Belzebub? Not a bit of it. He smiles grimly and shuts the lid down again, locking the great Saratoga trunk. He rings the bell; tells the waiter to bring a gimlet. Bore a few holes in the great trunk; orders up the porter, and goes off to New York, accompanied by the great Saratoga trunk. What would the trunk not have given for a cigar in a baggage wagon, when it smelled the tobacco smoke that was so liberally puffed about? The trunk although nearly suffocated, thought best to keep quiet.

Arrived at New York, old Anthracite told the people at the depot, loud enough for the great Saratoga trunk to hear him, that he would leave his baggage at the office a few days, when he would send for it. He then went off. This was more than the great trunk could bear, so it kicked, shouted, and made a noise, until it was broken open, and to the amusement of everybody, poor Belzebub crawled out in a limping condition. He tried to tell the people that it was done for a bet, but somehow the truth got out, and I predict that next summer there will be fewer great Saratoga trunks at the Springs. I think old Anthracite had the best of it, don't you?

## The Spanish Widow.

There lived in the province of Galicia a lady so perfectly beautiful, that she was called by all travelers, and indeed by all who beheld her, the "Flower of Spain." With these excellent charms she possessed all the virtues which so rarely are to be found united in such extreme personal loveliness. She had, therefore, many wooers, but especially a certain old knight of Castile, as coarse in mind as he was ungainly in person.

Being very wealthy, he fully expected this beautiful creature would gladly become his wife, the more particularly as she was of poor though well born parentage. But she preferred to allow her affections to rest on a young gentleman of small estate, but amiable character, and being married to him, they retired to the provinces, and spent three years of as perfect happiness as is permitted frail mortals to enjoy. At the end of this period he was obliged to go to Madrid on the business of a lawsuit, and was unfortunately murdered on the way, leaving his unhappy wife with one little boy; and in rather poor circumstances. Shortly after, the old knight again proffered his hand, which she decidedly rejected; he neither respected the sacredness of her grief nor her former state, but molested her so continually, with letters and presents, that, but for her fatherless child, she would have been content to die. At length she determined to withdraw to some remote village, to free herself from this odious persecution.

A few days before the time she had fixed on to remove to her country lodging, her servant, Maria, happened to open the door of the closet in her mistress' bedroom, when out fell the dead body of a man; and the police being summoned by her shrieks, they soon recognized it to be that of the old knight of Castile, though his countenance was so blackened and distorted as to appear scarcely human. It was evident he had perished by poison; and as the unhappy lady could give no account of the matter, in spite of her hitherto fair and unblemished reputation, she was thrown into prison as his murderer.

The persecution she had suffered from the deceased knight was generally known, but was now attributed to a dishonorable cause, and the murder of her husband never having been cleared up, she was considered by many persons as guilty of both crimes, and the whole province was shocked that so beautiful a creature should have thus brought disgrace upon her sex, and upon human nature. At her trial, the court was crowded to excess, and as the lady had nothing to offer but assertions of her innocence, the public advocate proceeded to pass sentence of death. It was the custom in those days for a woman, who had committed murder, to be first strangled, and then burnt in the market place; before this sentence could be pronounced, a witness was moved by remorse to come forward in her behalf. That was the servant, Maria, who had hitherto been disguised in the body of the court. She stood on one of the benches, and earnestly entreated to be heard. She then confessed that she had been prevailed on by the bribes and promises of the old knight of Castile, who declared he intended to marry her mistress, to secrete him in the lady's chamber, but solemly declared she knew no other cause of his death except that on one of the shelves she had placed some sweet cakes mixed with arsenic to poison the rats, and that the knight, being rather gluttonous, might have eaten of them in the dark, and so died. At this probable explanation, the court was instantly moved to declare the lady's innocence with one voice. She, reviving a little at the noise, and being told of this providential discovery, only clasped her hands, and then in a few words, commending her son to the guardianship of good men, exclaimed, "I can never survive the shame of this unworthy reproach!" and, with a deep sigh, expired on the spot.

Atlantic Fire Items.

BOSTON.

A fire broke out in Boston on the 2d inst., in the upper part of a large seven story granite building on Federal street, occupied by the Douglas Axe Company, and in the upper part by Sanborn, Babin & Ellsworth, as a printing office and bindery. This building was entirely destroyed, only a portion of its walls being left standing. By the falling of the wall of this building, the following persons were killed: Francis Cutting and Frank Tuttle, firemen, Patrick Reardon and Mrs. Moran. The adjoining one was occupied by Grant, Warren & Co., extensive paper dealers was also destroyed. A brick dwelling, occupied as a boarding house, adjoining, was nearly destroyed by the falling walls, and it was here the fatal accident took place. The total loss is estimated at \$200,000, which is mostly covered by insurance. The two firemen killed belonged to Fremont Engine Co. No. 12. Their bodies were recovered.

The National Fireman's Association hold weekly meetings. The association felt quite sure of raising \$20,000, and in case they do raise that sum have decided to issue the following sums as prizes. The engines are to be rated as follows:

1st class, 7 inch cylinders and upwards.  
2d do. 6 inch cylinders and under 7 inch.  
3d do. all under 6 inch cylinders.

The prizes to be given each class of engines as follows:

1st prize.....\$1,000  
2d do.....800  
3d do.....600  
4th do.....500  
5th do.....400  
6th do.....350  
7th do.....300  
8th do.....250  
9th do.....200  
10th do.....150

Making ten prizes to each class of engines, or thirty prizes in all for engine playing. It is proposed that the engines shall draw their water through three lengths of suction, and play through three hundred feet of hose, each company to select such size nozzle as they may wish. The playing to be horizontally in all cases.

The following prizes are to be awarded to those companies who will run a certain distance and extend a certain amount of hose. The distance and quantity of hose to be stretched has not been decided upon.

1st prize.....\$500  
2d do.....400  
3d do.....300  
4th do.....250  
5th do.....200  
6th do.....150  
7th do.....100  
8th do.....50

Prizes are also to be awarded to hook and ladder companies for raising ladders, etc.

Also to the best plan of a steam fire engine. A number are being built at present, in the vicinity of Boston one of which is to weigh but 3,500 pounds.

The Board of Aldermen have made up the amounts for appropriations for the coming year; among them the sum of \$109,400 for expenses of the Fire Department. This sum is exclusive of engine houses; so it can be seen with one glance the amount required to sustain the Boston Fire Department, consisting of fourteen engine companies, five hose companies and three hook and ladder companies. This speaks well for an economical city that boasts of its fire department, paid system etc.

N. Y.











